

Good 537 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

RONALD RICHARDS in search of your HOME TOWN, journeys through County Cork, takes cycle to that Gem of Irish Beauty, Castletownshend, and so discovers the steepest main street anywhere which was never made for cyclists



CASTLETOWNSHEND County Cork

ONE day, as the end of my stay in the South of Ireland was coming depressingly near, my hostess said, "You really must see Castletownshend before you go." The village, about seven miles east of Skibbereen, lies at the head of a long, fjord-like inlet.

As we cycled down that afternoon, bound for Castletownshend, the sun danced on the clear green water. Up the steep right bank, the mass of trees, called Myross Wood, tossed and shuddered in the light wind, pierced here by the darker and more rigid Scotch firs. On the left bank the road runs beside the water from Leap to the pleasant little village of Glandore, so snugly protected by trees and hills that in winter frost is rarely known there.

But it is Castletownshend we are visiting to-day, not Glandore. So we crossed the bridge spanning the narrow waist of the estuary and turned right towards Union Hall, with its back to the sea.

Presently we came to another inlet. We called at a cottage near the shore where the boys who kept the ferry boat lived. We found one at home who was willing to take us and the bicycles across at once. The sturdy, sun-burned youth who came out to row us over nonchalantly balanced the bicycles across the stern, and we seated ourselves in the boat. Beyond the neck of water, perhaps half a mile wide, we could already see the village of Castletownshend climbing up the hill, screened by many

trees. Just above the water's edge Townshend Castle itself faced us.

The wind blew strongly up this estuary, whipping the sea into choppy waves, which pitched the boat about in such a fashion that the bicycles were swaying hazardously. I thought at any moment they would plunge into the sea.

After a stiff pull against wind and tide we came into the lee of the little pier, where several yachts were anchored, and edged up through the calm, pellucid water to the slip.

Just round the corner, as we landed, the main street lay ahead of us. Up, up it went, on a steeper rise than any street I had ever seen.

Just in the middle it levelled out slightly, and on this sort of landing, plumb in the centre of the street, were two big trees, their trunks surrounded by a low stone wall, gripping them like a collar. Surely, I thought, the people here must live their lives at a curious angle, like characters in an Orson Welles film. But they seemed quite unconcerned, strolling up and down their hill as if it were as level as O'Connell Street, Dublin.

The square, flat-faced houses, flanking the street, seemed all much of a period, having that

air of grace and dignity so characteristic of 18th century architecture. Here and there between the houses a wooden door left ajar in the high walls gave a glimpse of beautifully tended and colourful gardens.

We pushed our bicycles up the incline, pausing for breath halfway, beside the trees. Here, on the right-hand side, stood a magnificent mansion, in a sad state of dereliction. In the afternoon sun, the cracked and missing panes of glass and weed-grown garden mocked the lovely craftsmanship of the faience, from which a shoot of valerian sprouted defiantly.

We pushed on again, and went in for a drink and a rest to the pub at the top of the hill. We praised the village to the elderly woman who served our drinks. She laughed at us, good-naturedly but incredulously.

"Ah, sure, 'tis very quiet," she said. "Now, before the

war, the other war, when the gentry were here, it was different—hunts and big parties. Shades of a dead past!

Behind us, on the wall, was a picture of Townshend Castle.

"That came to me all the way from Africa," she told us proudly. "They were putting pictures of famous castles on calendars, and it was one of them. So my son sent it to me."

At the top of the hill the road swung to the right. There we passed the entrance to Drishane House, residence of Miss Edith Somerville, the venerable but lively collaborator with "Martin Ross" in so many entertaining novels.

A little further along, where the hedges bordering the road were lower, we paused to gaze at the view which stretched away below us, turning round slowly so as to miss no facet of it.

To the South lay the Atlantic. Away on the right we could just see the point of Toe Head; on the left we saw the white lighthouse on the Galley Head. Eastward, in a shallow scoop, lay the cultivated land

of Carbery, the more vivid green of the flax fields contrasting with wheat, oats and pasture land.

North and west, hills rose behind hills to become great blue mountains away towards the borders of Kerry.

STREET SCENE

IT was one of those little human dramas that might happen anywhere and in any war, but it happened in Weymouth.

He, a much-travelled U.S. soldier; she, a flag seller. Between them, in the gutter, lay an accusing pile of tiny flags.

He, tall and handsome, was all apologies; she, blonde and petite, was a sympathetic listener.

Gallantly he returned the fallen tokens to the tray—a charming scene that on any stage would have brought down the "house."

He smiled apologetically; she smiled forgiveness. He leaned forward. She didn't retreat. And, gently, he kissed her, thus sealing friendly Anglo-American relations.

"BIRTHDAY CAKE" You've had it! A.B. Jimmie Vince

There's a problem under discussion at 55, Hibbert-street, Barrow-in-Furness A.B. Jimmie Vince.

Your girl friend, Miss Audrey Robinson, wants to send you a nice big cake for your 21st birthday, but all the puzzling in the world has so far failed to find a way of getting round the Admiralty regulations on the subject.

What can be done about it? Well, just go without, or so it



Audrey R. can't send your cake, but she's signalling "All's well" to you.



seems, and take the wish for acquainted we're giving you the deed.

Meanwhile Audrey just Young John's father, Flying Officer Jack Boyle, now a bomber pilot, is doing fine according to a letter which had just arrived on the day of our visit.

They are all sorry at "No. 55" that you were not there to be god-father to Doris's baby. There was a real christening cake, with real currants in it, real almond icing and real sugar icing on top of that. A little piece is being saved for you.

And by the way, you've never met Mr. John Ashton great guy, is little John, and Boyle, have you? He's turned they are all anxious for you five months old now, and so to see him before he is too that you can begin to getgrown up.

MARION SENDS GOOD (BABY) NEWS TO O/S Joseph Thompson

IT was bad luck when you had to stay behind in the sick bay at Malta, Ordinary Seaman Joseph Thompson, but there's compensation for you at Ward's End, Starkholmes, Matlock, in cute little ten-weeks-old Sandra. She is already showing signs that she intends to match her mother's lovely hair! She's as fit as a fiddle, ready to smile at the least provocation—and is your wife proud of her?

Marion is wild because the photographers, are on a quota, and her turn for a picture with Sandra has not come yet, but she will be sending you one along at the first opportunity.

Mother and father at Tansley are in the pink, and sisters Olive, Mavis and Betty are fine. All want to be remembered.

FREE PIE

A WOMAN in the queue at a crowded pastry shop in Detroit was heard to say, "I hope this war lasts a little longer so we can pay off our mortgage."

At the counter another woman quickly altered her order. "Forget the cake. I'll take that lemon meringue pie—and don't wrap it."

She paid for the pie, says BUP, picked it up—and then slapped it squarely in the face of the first woman. Without a word she stalked out of the shop.



Still the old crowd at the Horseshoe. The beer is still the best in Britain—when you can get it! You can guess it's been some scramble this season with nearly twice the usual number of visitors, but Mrs. Evans has looked after the "regulars." There's one on the house for you on your next leave!

By the way, you will be thankful to know Sandra has never heard the siren—and not likely to.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Our Air 'Tecs know all the give-aways

Says OUR AIR CORRESPONDENT
PETER VINCENT

BEFORE an Allied air attack on enemy installations in Europe or the Japanese held Pacific Islands, the individual targets are carefully selected by Air Intelligence personnel.

These "air detectives," scrutinise innumerable aerial reconnaissance photographs of enemy territory and, together with other branches of intelligence, pick out the targets to be "visited."

Prior to an invasion of enemy-held territory, the area is often kept under aerial observation for months.

Gun positions, however carefully camouflaged, are noted. Troop dispositions, strong points, and lines of communication, are studied, so that our troops have the advantage of striking where the enemy is weakest and least prepared.

In the thousands of files at Air Intelligence, many dossiers are marked "Action taken," because the slightest change in a particular landscape has been noticed by an "Air Detective."

In one case, a reconnaissance photograph of a French road intersection, revealed a small speck in the middle of the road. Looking through the millions of "Holiday snaps" which have fled away, the "Air Detectives" found some taken at that particular spot. The speck turned out to be a statue.

A few weeks later, the same area was "Shot" again. The speck had disappeared.

That was enough for the boys (and girls) of Air Intelligence. Investigations proved that the statue had been removed to make room for heavy, 'plane-laden lorries.

A check was kept, and a few days later a large Nazi convoy was blown to pieces. It is surprising to see the detail in an aerial photograph. In

spite of the clouds and weather conditions, atmospheric haze, intensity of sunlight, and sunlight glare, to name but a few of the difficulties involved, aerial photographs taken many thousands of feet above a target, from an aircraft often travelling, of necessity, in excess of 400 m.p.h., show such details as streets, houses and even lorries, clearly and frequently.

By the use of glass or plastic filters, light waves entering the camera are controlled, and uneven light transmission through the camera lens is checked, thereby producing a clearer photograph.

With Polaroid Aerial Camera filters, for instance, sunlight glare is neutralised. With an orange-yellow filter, haze is killed. This is especially important in Naval Air photography.

One reconnaissance pilot saw a train enter a tunnel on an unimportant branch line in France. The train didn't come out. He waited around, and saw more trains enter the tunnel, but still none reappeared at the other end. He went lower to investigate.

There was no other end. The tunnel led to an underground ammunition store. The R.A.F. were called. Within a few hours there were no trains, no tracks and no tunnel.

In their careful studies of aerial photographs, Intelligence personnel have to understand the various methods of camouflage used by the enemy.

Excelsior, wood shavings and branches are some of the materials used, as well as

rubble and quick growing weeds to cover reflecting surfaces such as the flat roofs of large factories.

Infra-red photography shows up painted vegetation, thereby often revealing the basic structure of a camouflaged target, and is a real blessing to the "Air Detectives."

Telescopic lenses are used for making photographic survey maps from a height of three or

four miles. These lenses enable extremely large areas to be covered quickly and fairly safely. One of the greatest "give-aways" in a camouflaged target, is the angular shadow which it will often throw, thereby revealing that all is not as appears. Confusing shadows are often created on and around these targets, to hide the "give-away shadows."

Smoke is regarded suspiciously by all "Air Detectives."

"Where there is smoke there is fire," and that often means industrial furnaces and power plants.

Many Nazi war plants have been revealed and obliterated, because the smallest wisp of smoke has given them away.

In one photograph, it was noticed that hundreds of footprints, made in a dewy meadow in the early morning, led to an apparently empty forest. Watch was kept, and it was discovered that hundreds of German workers used to cross the meadow as a short cut to their factory, hidden in the forest.

The bombers went out. The factory went up.

Someone once said that the brain of an Air Force is the total information available to it.

Of all the main sources of Air Intelligence—Prisoners-of-War, eye witness accounts of combat crews, and aerial photography—it is the latter which is the more reliable and the most extensively used.

This photograph interpretation, which is the work of the "Air Detectives," is the keynote of air intelligence. It is not easy to identify three dimensional objects in the two dimensions of photography, but Air Intelligence trains its personnel to be masters at the game.

Photographic reconnaissance aircraft, faster than any the enemy possesses, continually patrol all war areas in enemy occupied territory. "Air Detectives" keep a constant lookout for any suspicious signs of enemy activity.

It is a lucky German factory that lasts for any length of time, these days, without receiving the benefits of their attention.

QUIZ for today

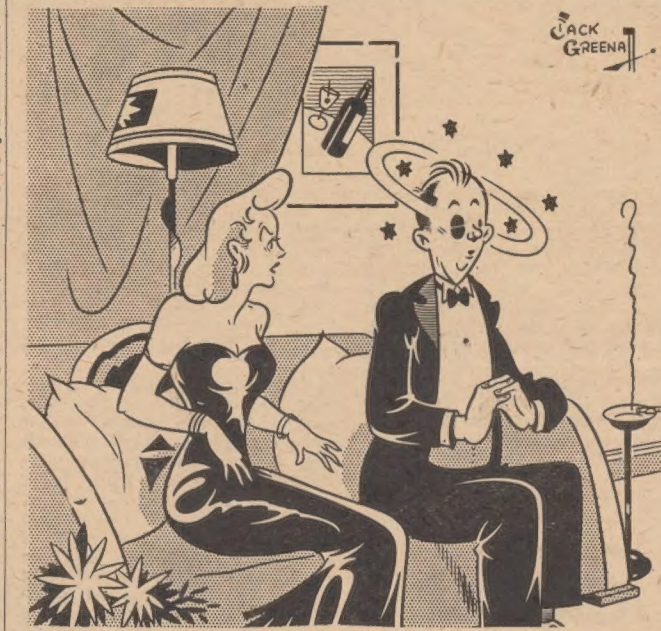
1. A ronin is a polishing pad, outlawed Japanese, pulley-wheel, adjustment on a violin bow?
2. With what implements would you play the ancient game of Roly-poly?
3. How many Lord Mayors are there in England?
4. When is Collop Monday, and what is the traditional dish for that day?

5. What sum of money, in £ and s., is exactly double the sum when the shillings and pounds are interchanged?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Sheep, Deer, Ox, Moose, Snipe, Grouse, Dace, Tench.

Answers to Quiz in No. 536

1. Bird.
2. Shanghai, Oxo, Cricket, Round the Clock, Shove Ha'penny.
3. Scobs.
4. August, 1936.
5. Palk Strait.
6. Alright. (The two words, All right, should always be used.)

Just because you're studying the piano doesn't mean you're gonna practise your five-finger exercises on me!



I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

PADDY'S potato plots and peat plantations are part of a plan for prosperity.

When the Shannon was chosen as an airport site it was entirely because of its suitability for that purpose. It is certain that sentiment played no part whatever in its selection. This was made quite clear at the time by the people who were accepted as first-class authorities on aviation matters.

William Courtenay, British aeronautical expert, addressed the City of London Conservative and Unionist Association in 1937. He was speaking on "Atlantic Air Routes," and in the course of his remarks said: "The natural air base at Foynes is going to be one of the most important and prosperous air bases of the world."

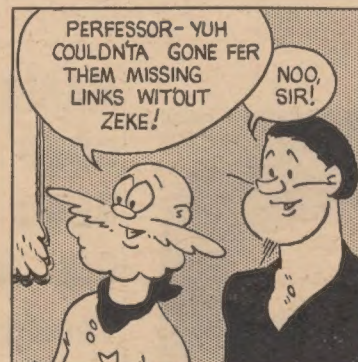
BOTH at Foynes and Rhineanna elaborate preparations continue to be made to meet post-war aviation needs. These would hardly be going on with such vigour and enthusiasm if there was any fear in official quarters that they would not be required.

Physical conditions are more than likely to be always factors of importance in flying, and Ireland's location as the last Atlantic outpost between Europe and America, and the natural and sheltered advantages of the Shannon as an air base, offer facilities that can hardly be ignored, no matter what further achievements take place in the mastery of the air itself.

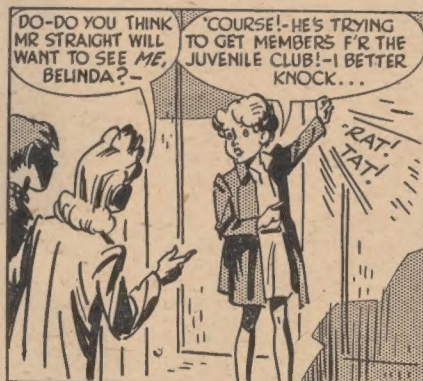
THE "Richmond and Twickenham Times" carries this advertisement: "Will person finding Lady's Skating Skirt, grey pleated, in Richmond Park last Friday, please return to . . . owner has no more coupons."

I love Richmond Park.

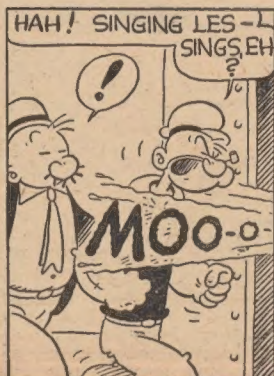
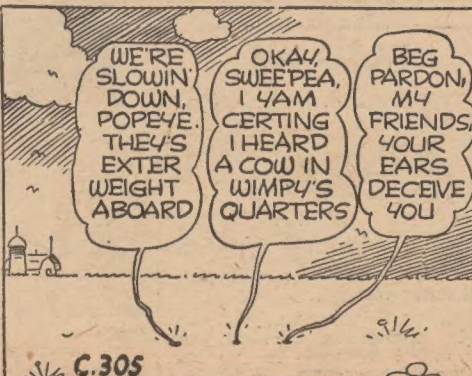
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



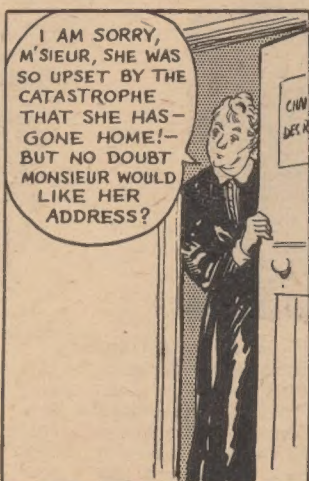
WANGLING WORDS—476

1. Insert consonants in *O*O*E**O* and *E**E*I* and get two flowering shrubs.
2. Here are two fastenings whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
NOTOTOB — ELACTUB
3. If "baton" is the "ton" of a Field Marshal, what is the ton of (a) Explosives, (b) Surprise?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 475

1. BLACKBERRY, POMEGRANATE.
2. LABEL — MOTTO.
3. (a) Legation, (b) Legitimate (or Legal).

JANE



WHERE DO THE FLIES GO? THE BRAINS TRUST REALLY KNOWS

THE Brains Trust—an Entomologist, a Professor of Zoology, a Philosopher, and Mr. Everyman—discuss:

Where do flies go in the winter-time? What happens to the myriads that infest our houses in the summer months?

Entomologist: "I presume that the question refers to house-flies, and the answer is that most of them die of a fungus disease they get in the autumn. Late in the year flies may be seen crawling slowly about covered with a white mould. They are on their last legs, and will shortly lie down and die in some crack or cranny. Very few escape this fate."

Mr. Everyman: "But if they all die off in the autumn, where do next year's flies come from? I have seen baby flies crawling about the window-panes in

February, so there must be some surviving parents."

Professor: "One moment! It is a common mistake to suppose that little flies are 'baby' flies. This is not so at all. There are many different species of flies, all of different sizes, but a baby fly is a maggot."

"Once it has emerged from its cocoon as a fly it ceases to grow. What you mistake for a baby fly is really a small variety of fly, completely adult."

"Now, many species of fly, such as the lesser house-fly, are known to hibernate in cracks in floors, behind wallpaper, and so on, and these may come out on any winter day when the house happens to be particularly warm. But the true house-fly has never been caught hibernating."

Entomologist: "I think that is correct, though it is gener-

ally believed that a few of them hibernate somewhere and so keep the species going. These probably come out of hiding in the early spring, lay their eggs on any decaying vegetable matter, and die. There is no evidence of a house-fly living through two seasons."

Philosopher: "What about the cold joint? Don't they lay their eggs on meat? But that's by the way."

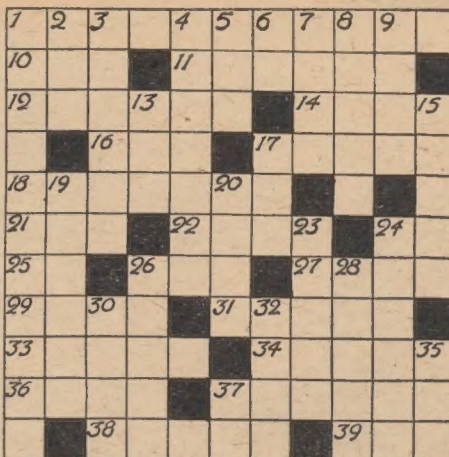
"I was going to mention that in the Middle Ages flies were believed to be the Devil's ministers, and they spent the winter at the court of his Satanic Majesty."

"St. Bernard once excommunicated a fly which would persist in tickling his nose—but that also is by the way."

Professor: "No, house-flies do not lay their eggs on meat. The fly which does that is the bluebottle."

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



- 1 Predominantly.
- 10 Negligent.
- 11 Desert.
- 12 Instrumentality.
- 14 Surety.
- 16 Spoil.
- 17 Apart.
- 18 Excellent.
- 21 Skill.
- 22 Flesh food.
- 24 Short company.
- 25 Thanks.
- 26 Damp.
- 27 Big beast.
- 29 Short distance.
- 31 Solemnly promised.
- 33 Giants.
- 34 Building remains.
- 36 Close.
- 37 Iran.
- 38 Welsh g'rl.
- 39 Chop.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Cultivated estates.
- 2 Hard stone.
- 3 Free.
- 4 Attribute.
- 5 Balad.
- 6 What.
- 7 Catches 8 Retinue.
- 9 Deposited.
- 13 Pie.
- 15 Fruit.
- 17 Epoch.
- 19 Fruit.
- 20 Practice wickets.
- 23 Wheat meal.
- 24 Girl's name.
- 26 In which.
- 28 Neighbouring people.
- 30 Stuff.
- 32 Small bird.
- 35 Observed.
- 37 Parent.

DECCAN CUBS
AXLE EXOTIC
SPARSE DODO
HONE DRAPER
S ALSO I C
HELLO ABASH
O I DUDE I
PLOVER APED
PINE GARAGE
EMERGE EVEN
RELY STRESS

HOW'S TRICKS

NO PALMING, NO COUNTING.

To discover two freely chosen cards from an ordinary pack, you divide the pack into two heaps. Request any person to take one card from the right-hand heap and place it into the left-hand heap, also one card from the left-hand heap and place it into the right-hand heap. Both heaps are shuffled separately by the person who took the cards. You now look through each pack and immediately discover the two chosen cards.

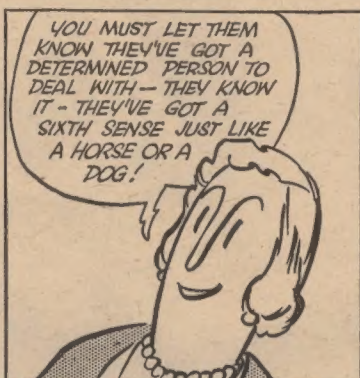
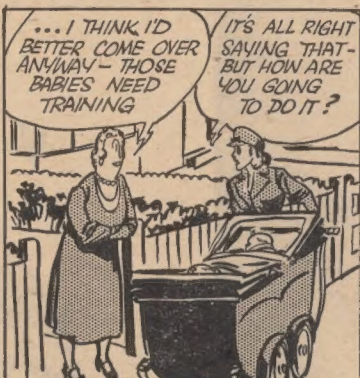
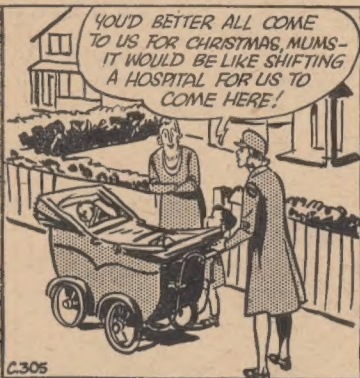
How is it done? One heap has all the odd cards and the other heap has the even cards. The even cards are 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, Queen; the odd cards are Ace, 3, 5, 7, 9, Jack and King. You

will now see that if one card is taken from the odd heap and placed into the even heap, all you do is to look through the pack, and there you are! Another method is to have one heap all red and the other all black.

Syd de Hempsey

"Your 'usband out of work, Mrs. Brown?"
"Oh, no; 'e's a cheese-maker by trade, and 'e's got the day off because to-day's the day they puts the 'oles in it."

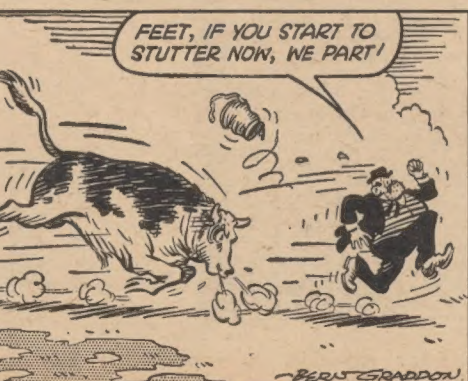
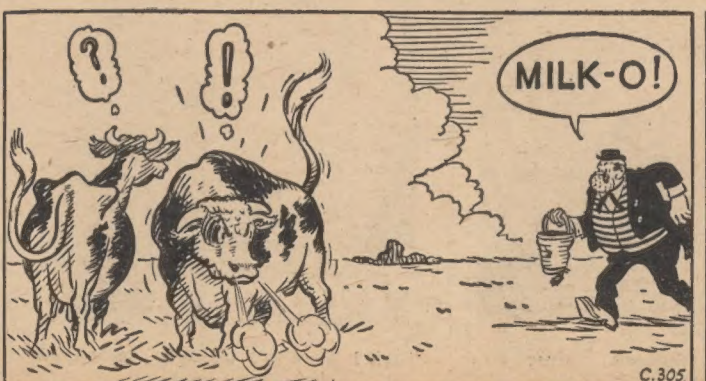
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Such is Fame

THEATRICAL fame is not so fleeting as one might suppose. The name of Garrick seems reasonably certain of equal longevity with that of Dr. Johnson, and the names of Mrs. Siddons, Peg Woffington and Sarah Bernhardt will be names to conjure with for a very long time to come.

But when the curtain falls on a stage performance it can rarely be raised again, save in the memory of those who were present in the audience.

Films, properly stored in library vaults, may be preserved for generations yet unborn. But, unlike a good stage play, the best of pictures invariably loses something in "revival." The once-upon-a-time glamour of its performers seems to have gathered dust with the years. And where one audience thrilled on opening nights, the audience of another generation is likely to titter. So perhaps memory, after all—growing, as it often does, into legend—is the safest conduct for theatrical reputation.

Hollywood's leading candidate for "immortality" to date is its late "great lover," Rudolph Valentino, whose name is still worth a headline when the story warrants.

Will Rogers is already a legend. There are monuments to the late cowboy humorist in Alaska, Colorado, his native Oklahoma, and probably several other places, besides the Will Rogers Memorial Highway, leading into his home State from California.

The Marion Davies Clinic, where thousands of crippled children are treated every year, will preserve the name of the former star who endowed it, and whose kindness has become famous within the industry.

Harold Lloyd is the donor of the perpetual trophy for the national singles handball championship. And, of course, the name of the late "production wizard," Irving Thalberg, is preserved in the Thalberg Trophy, a kind of super Academy Award, which is given only for distinguished service rendered to the industry itself.

There used to be a stool in a Hollywood malted milk stand bearing the name of Lana B. Turner, because she was said to have been sitting on it when an agent walked in and "discovered" her! But the malted milk stand has been torn down now.

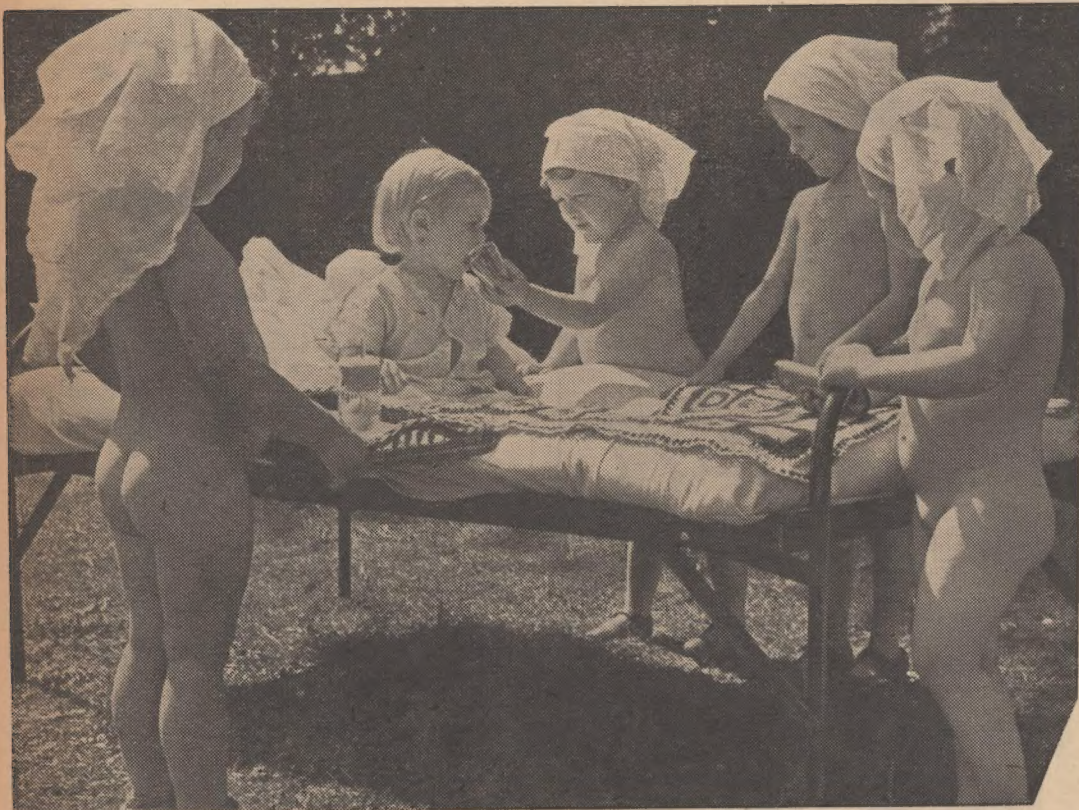
And, oh yes, one of Mary Pickford's curls is stored in the Smithsonian Institution, and one of Dorothy Lamour's sarongs may be seen in the Los Angeles Museum of History, Science and Art—hard by the skeleton of a sabre-toothed tiger.

Time marches on . . . !

Dick Gordon

Good Morning

THIS ENGLAND. Many a Yorkshireman in submarines has done his own particular bit of post-war planning. It's this: to walk down Briggate again, some sunny day, with the Missus on his arm. To have a good tea, and then take in a show at one of Leeds' innumerable picture-houses or theatres.



Last time we had gas we dreamt of something like this happening. And now here it is again! On nothing stronger than orange juice—believe us or believe us not.

"Look your fill, sailors!" Sparing no expense, at the risk of life and limb, "Good Morning" presents the first, the original, the only "cherry blonde" this old world has seen! She's Vivian Blaine to us—and to 20th Century-Fox as well, for that matter.



"What have you to say before sentence is passed?"



"Address your remarks to the Bench, please."



"Is anything known about the prisoner, gaoler?"



"Ah! Just as I thought. A notorious cat-burglar."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'm getting out of this dock."

